

On that Coelestiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and solenne Musicke.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The Vision.

Enter solemnely tripping one after another, sixe Personages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They first Conge unto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her Head, at which the other foure make reuerend Curtsies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliuer the same to the other next two, who obserue the same order in their Changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliuer the same Garland to the last two: who likewise obserue the same Order. At which (as it were by inspiration) she makes (in her sleepe) signes of reioycing, and holdeth up her hands to heauen. And so, in their Dancing vanill, carrying the Garland with them. The Musicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leaue me heere in wretchednesse, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

Grif. None Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a blessed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happinesse,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most ioyfull Madam, such good dreames
Possesse your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Musicke leaue,
They are harsh and heauy to me. *Musicke ceases.*

Pati. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale she lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pati. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And t'like your Grace—

Kath. You are a sawey Fellow,
Deserue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing she will not loose her wonted Greatnesse
To vse so rude behaviour. Go too, kneele.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your Highnesse pardon,
My hast made me vnmaunely. There is staying
A Gentleman sent from the King, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith*. But this Fellow
Let me ne're see againe. *Exit Messeng.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my sight faile not,
You should be Lord Ambassador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius*.

Cap. Madam the same, Your Seruant.

Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Tides now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady,

First mine owne seruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings request, that I would visit you,
Who grieues much for your weaknesse, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Physicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am past all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highnesse?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flourish,
When I shall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Banish'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pati. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Most willing Madam.

Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodnesse
The Modell of our chaste loues: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Blessings on her,
Beseeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modest Nature,
I hope she will deserue well; and a little
To loue her for her Mothers sake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knowes how deere.

My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue some pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that so long
Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare auow
(And now I should not lye) but will deserue
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honestie, and decent Carriage

A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And sure those men are happy that shall haue 'em.
The last is for my men, they are the poorest,
(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,
And something ouer to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus,
These are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the deere in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to soules departed,
Stand these poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heauen I will,

Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honest Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie vnto his Highnesse:

Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I blest him
(For so I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell

My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You must not leaue me yet. I must to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor; strew me ouer
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scene

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath strooke.

Gard. These should be houres for necessities, not for delights: Times to rephye our Nature

With comforting repose, and not for vs to waste these times. Goodnight of night Sir *Thomas*

Whether so late? *Boy.* It is now midnight, haue you not?

Lov. Came you from the King, my Lord?

Gard. I did Sir *Thomas*, and left him at Primero

With the Duke of Suffolke.

Lov. I must to him too, he hath a great matter

Before he go to bed. He take my leaue

Gard. Not yet Sir *Thomas*, what's the matter?

It seemes you are in haste, and if there be

No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend

Some touch of your late businesse: Affaires that walke

(As they say Spirits do) at midnight, haue

In them a wilder Nature, then the businesse

That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My Lord, I loue you;

And durst commend a secret to your eare

Much weightier then this worke. The Queene in Labor

They say in great Extremity, and fear'd

Shee'l with the Labour, end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with

I pray for heartily, that it may finde

Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*,

I wish it grubb'd vp now.

Lov. Me thinks I could

Cry the Amen, and yet my Conscience sayes

Shee's a good Creature, and sweet-Ladie do's

Deserue our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir,

Heere me Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman

Of mine owne way. I know you Wife, Religious,

And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,

Till Sir *Thomas*, take of me,

Till *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and shee

Sleepe in their Graues.

Lovell. Now Sir, you speake of two

The most remark'd in this Kingdome, as for *Cromwel*,

Beside that of the Iwell-House, is made Master

Of the Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,

Stand in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,

With which the Lime will load him, Th' Archbys hop

Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare speak

One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,

There are that dare, and I my selfe haue ventur'd

To speake my minde of him: and indeed this day,

Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue

Incent the Lords of the Councell, that he is

(For so I know he is, they know he is)

A most Arch-Hereticke, a Peccilence

That does infect the Land: with which, they moued

Haue broken with the King, who hath so farre

Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,

And Princely Care, fore-seeing those fell Mischiefes,

Our Reason

To morrow

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King. H

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King. P

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I haue, and